



My own, personal demon.



romance

fantasy

comedy

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Chapter 1 by Stan Johnson

I guess I would have known he was a demon even if he hadn't thrown me to the ground and put a soul knife to my throat. I'd heard about them—and I couldn't understand why anyone would *want* to live miserably—and I knew that sooner or later I'd have to save mortals from them.

As I lie there on the ground, looking up into those abysmally dark eyes, the only person I wanted to save was *him*. Without thinking, I reached up to stroke his face. He jerked away, pressing the blade closer to my neck. A cold ribbon of chaos tickled the skin on my throat. I knew I ought to be terrified, but somehow, I wasn't.

'What have you done to me?' He hissed, baring his teeth. Spittle frothed at the corners of his mouth, and I found my mortality peeking through more than I liked; his lips, twisted and cruel, had *such* potential, just like his eyes. His face—it was one that The Creator had made beautiful, though that beauty had been warped by the sorrow that grips all demons. I felt a tear form as I thought of his anguish.

"Why. *Why*—can I not eliminate you?" he demanded. "I am Jephreel, Captain of the Third Army of Hades, slayer of Aelanael, Sephrael, Teriel, and the four guardians. You, Hope Harris, are *nothing*. You're not even a *cherub*!"

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And, of course, I was an angel in training. But I stopped telling people that after the third grade.

Jephreel lurched to his feet and clutched at his head with his free hand. He kicked me for at least the twentieth time that morning, then began rapidly pacing, muttering to himself as he did. My body hurt all over, but not like my heart hurt. My desire to become an angel was the child of my early years, where I saw how sadness and abuse can tear people apart. Mom and Dad each came from divorced families, but they'd vowed never to do the same. That gave me and my siblings an island of peace and happiness in this crazy world. Watching Mom take meals to sick people, quilt for the homeless, and babysit what seemed like every kid on the block helped me realise just how much good an angel could do—and Mom qualified for the title if anyone did.

Dad was just as good in his own way. It was hard to listen to the rare stories they told about my grandparents. I could only guess the demons had managed to talk them into their horrible lives. I couldn't imagine why any sane person would want to live the way my parents' parents did.

Body still aching, I picked myself up off the ground, and moved toward him. I wanted to reach out and erase his pain. I wanted to take him home to my parents and sit him down at my kitchen table and let Mom feed him until he was so full he couldn't move. I wanted to let him play with my little brothers in the woods behind our home. I wanted to let him wrestle with our dog, or swim in our pool, or have a long heart-to-heart chat with my dad. I wanted him to sleep in a warm, soft bed in a home in which he felt safe every night.

I wanted him to be part of my life.

"I hate you," he murmured, glancing at me. "You're so *sickeningly* sweet. Even *real* angels aren't as innocent and jovial as you are. You are an *abomination* of goodness, and you're exactly what's wrong with this, and every world." His words fell short of being as harsh as they had been, and when he slipped his soul knife back into his belt, I wondered what he was doing. He seemed able to feel the happiness I could feel; I'd been told happiness felt like pain for demons. I knew he could murder me at a whim, and he nearly had.

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"You're coming home with me. Please remember to be good to my parents, brothers, and dog. We'll give you the guest room."

I think that both Heaven and Hell shook when he closed his mouth and obediently followed me.

Chapter 2 by Stan Johnson



Apparently, Mom and Dad were less fond of the idea of keeping a demon than I was.

Mom had been on the porch, when I got home, drinking lemonade with my youngest brother, Sean. When Jephreel stepped out from behind me, Sean had spat his lemonade all over the porch, and Mom had gasped and clutched her heart.

"Hope?" She'd asked. "Are you—are you okay, honey?"

"Fine, Mom," I'd said. "Meet my new friend, Jephreel."

"I hate you all," he growled. "I will murder you in your sleep in slow, tortuous ways."

Sean had run in the house, crying. Mom's face had turned white and I thought she might faint.

"Mom? I've invited Jephreel to have dinner with us."

"Ah, honey?" she had begun.

"Oh, and I've invited him to live with us. He can take the guest bedroom."

At that, Mom *had* fainted.

So now, here we are, sitting around the dinner table. The rest of my family seems unusually stiff tonight. No one wants to say much, it seem. Except Carlo. Carlo *a/ways* had something to say.

"Hope tells me she's in love with my brother," he said, spinning a forkful of food into his mouth.

"Carlo," Mom chided, "man up."

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"Sowwy, Mum," he replied, words lost in his food.

I felt myself blush furiously. Why did Carlo *always* have to make such... cute... remarks? I wanted to say something else, but habit reminded me that angels always looked for the best in people; that they always tried to see the bigger picture. Carlo was barely ten, so he could be forgiven on the grounds that he was still learning how to tell when a girl wanted to keep something a secret.

"I don't *love* him romantically," I said, gently correcting him. "I care for his *soul*. I love him the way The Creator would love him.

Jephreel leered at me from across the table, a dripping piece of meat hanging limply from the tip of his knife.

"So why'd you tell me," Carlo said, his mouth now clear, "about how mesmerizing his eyes were? And why'd you say you wanted to see him in white, some day? Isn't that what people say about people they want to marry?"

"*Enough!*" Jephreel leapt to his feet. "I am Jephreel, Captain of the Third Army of Hades, slayer of—"

"Blah, blah, blah," Carlo said. Sean laughed, but cowered at a glare from Jephreel.

"Do you go to school with Hope?" Dad cut in. He was still stiff, but didn't look nervous like everyone else at the table.

"What would *ever* possess me to do such a thing?" Jephreel hissed. "You are clearly the product of your own, mortal education system if you must ask such a stupid question. I curse thee thy stupidity!" He jabbed a finger threateningly at my father.

Nothing happened.

"WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO ME WOMAN?!" He leapt for me, but stopped mid-air. The next

thing I knew, he was on the floor, locked up in an arm bar by my father.

"We don't assault women," Dad said firmly, "and I will not be locked up on my baby girl."

"Get off me! I will tear you apart!" Jephreel roared, lunging at my father.

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"It's not polite to insult your hosts," Mom said, taking a sip of fruit punch, and suddenly looking more relaxed.

"DEATH! DESTRUCTION! BLOODSHED! ENDLESS MISERY!"

Dad sighed and gave me a pained look. "Honey? I don't think your friend is ready to stay in the house. Can you keep him calm while I set up a bed for him in the garage?"

"MY TRUE STRENGTH IS AS THAT OF A THOUSAND MORTALS!"

I sigh. Dad's right. Maybe inviting a demon home wasn't the wisest thing I'd ever done. And yet, in my heart, I knew that a little TLC was all that was necessary to turn him around.

Suddenly, Dad was gone. In his place was a tiny, whimpering puppy.

I gasped "Dad?" My brother's echoed me.

Mom was on her feet in a flash. "Robert!"

"VICTORY!" Jephreel rose from the ground at once, holding aloft the helpless dog whose eyes looked all too much like my dad's. "And now, mortals, to demonstrate my boundless power as Captain of—"

"Do you have to say that *every other sentence*?" Carlo interrupted. "Seriously, that's like the millionth time you've done it since Hope brought you home.

Jephreel paused, seething, and spitted Carlo with a glare. "You will suffer next, mortal. As I was saying, as Captain the Third Army of Hades—" and I noticed Carlo step behind the demon, his face matching Jephreel's expression, move his mouth in sync with him. I frowned at him, silently rebuking his rudeness. "—slayer of Aelanael, Sephrael, Teriel, and the Four Guardians, I *banish* this quisling *human* to the fiery depths!"

The puppy didn't vanish. Instead, he pood in Jephreel's face.

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Japhreel stood on the patio deck with his arms folded as he glared up at the stares. When he realized I was standing there he kept his face away from me.

“How do you do it? How do you stay here?” He seemed to calm down now, his voice genuine with interest. “I mean, with all of this goodness everywhere. The need to be perfect because you’re...an angel?”

I manage a smile for his sake and I lean against the glass sliding doors, staring in at my family as they all scramble about in the kitchen to help mom clean up. Sean and Carlo are dropping dishes into the dishwasher and dad is dancing along with the broom in his hand.

“They help with that. I just decided I want to live like them. And by having them here 24/7 kind of helps.”

A look of slight disappointment registers on Japhreel’s face before he masks it with a grim look that shaded his whole face. “You are an idiot.”

I cringe as if he’d attempted to hit me. It hurts like that.

“Well you think your lifestyle is perfect?” I shoot biting my tongue a second after. I shouldn’t judge him, I shouldn’t put myself on a pedestal as if I am better for some reason. I turn and press my head against the cold glass in the warmth of the night. “I’m going to bed.”

I grip the handle with hesitation and tug at it a little and the whole door slams against its frame, alerting my family in the process. I close it behind me and stalk the hallway and find the staircase that leads to the second floor, where my room is. Right in front of the landing of the stairs, decorated with pink paint and rainbow stickers and in the middle a pair of white angel wings enclose my name.

I ignore the pink paint that usually puts me in a chipper mood inside my room and slam face first into my bed. My body rattles with pain and anger and no type of breathing technique can take me away from this fit of rage.

Rolling over on my back I feel aro See more of Story Wars in the TV which lights my room in a dim glow. The door creaks ex I slammed the door but it isn’t her. It’s Japhreel.

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"I see you're feeling other feelings besides overwhelming happiness. That is good. Happiness looks creepy on you. Your parents, they are down there worried. Huddled around the dinner table in a meeting."

I roll over on my stomach once more and hug one of my pillows in my arms. "What do you want now? To make me more angry so I can help you take over the world?"

Chapter 4 by Summer Martin



Japhreel Replies sullenly, "That would be in my best intentions, but i have no idea. Go see and find out".

I drag myself out of the bed and bump Japhreel's shoulder as i make my way out.

"I am sorry", I apologize.

Japhreel sneers in irritation of my thoughtful remark and nudges his head towards the stairs to the first floor where my parents are, huddled in a judgy circle.

Their soft mumbles and faces of confusion cease as i make my appearance.

"Is there something wrong sweetheart?" My father asks sweetly.

I look around to see that Japhreel made his way to the garage softly muttering, "stupid humans" under his breath.

Sighing heavily i throw myself unto my fathers lap with a heave and lay there while he stroked my hair. Relaxation overcame me and turned my anger into serenity as i took in my fathers welcoming scent as he pet my head lovingly.

"I'm okay now you guys". I say as i get up from my position on my fathers lap. My parents let the situation go and exchanged I Love You's with me before i made my way back upstairs. As i made

my way back into my room, I look in the crack of the door to reveal Japhreel laying on my bed stomach down with his face in my

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I hear low sniffing noises. I look back at him better. He throws his head up in shock as I stand there looking at him accusingly.

"What are you-"

"Listen here human! You have no power nor authority to judge what i was doing! I don't have to explain myself to you!" He huffs as he makes his way out of my room, my pillow in hand.

Chapter 5 by Brynn



When I woke up I saw Japhreel asleep next to me, and very close. I smiled he must be warming up to me.

I got up as quietly as I could and made him some Chocolate chip pancakes with strawberries. I brought them up to him, he refused saying they are too light and fluffy, but I could see he wanted them so I left the plate on the bed while I got ready. when I came back the plate was clean besides some smudges of chocolate.

I smiled at that "Come on its time for school."

"I don't do school."

"Well, now you do."

"Fine." He said not too miserably.

Good, I'm making progress. Or so I thought but when we got there he pulled me into the boys bathroom.

"I can't be in here!" I said shocked

"Look I may not understand how you could stand being so happy all the time, but I can teach you how to have fun. We're ditching."

"What! No, we ca..."

He grabbed my chin and waist and pulled me in for a deep passionate kiss. It was amazing.

"What was that for." I said wishing it had never ended

"To shut you up let's go."

I was so blown away by how amazing his kiss was I simply followed him. We ended up at this creepy graveyard on the edge of a cliff.

"Now this is cool." He said mesmerised.

"I think it's creepy. And cold." I added shivering

"Here" he said draping his jacket over my shoulders. Pretending not to care but know he did

"Is that a cliff," he asked amazed

"Yeah as kids we used to see how

"And how far did you get

"Me? Oh, I didn't try."

"Well now you got to." He said flinging me up over his shoulders.

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"Jephreel! JEPHREEL! Put me down!"

"Fine." He said as we got to the edge.

"Japhreel I don't like this."

"Hey, it's okay, don't you trust me."

"Yeah?"

"Good"

Without warning, Jephreel leaned forward and kissed me he wrapped his arms around me hands on my back. It felt wonderful at first, but almost immediately, I could feel my life force being sucked out through my lips. The light within me faded, and I wondered why I had let myself ever believe a demon.

I tried to scream but I couldn't I just ran.

I could hear him calling, saying he didn't know that would happen but I didn't stop. How did I love a demon, and why do I still love him?

Chapter 6 by Queuele



Without warning, Jephreel leaned forward and kissed me. It felt wonderful at first, but almost immediately, I could feel my life force being sucked out through my lips. The light within me faded, and I wondered why I had let myself ever believe a demon.

'What...!' I yelled, shocked. 'What have you done?!'

'I have turned you into your true form,' Japhreel smirks. 'You will never be an Angel ever again. No more insufferable... Goodness.'

I whirl around to face him. 'WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?!' I scream again, but slap my hands over my mouth. What's wrong with me?! I'm an Angel! I don't get mad, or angry, or upset! I'm happy all the time.

Then I turn white. No... No... No! This can't be happening! It's already starting. A few moments, and I'm already losing my personality! I latch onto the things that make me... me. 'Brownies,' I mutter to myself urgently. 'Strawberry pancakes. Charity. Pink paint. Sean, Carlo, Mum, Dad!'

Why isn't it working? I'm already slipping away.

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Japhreel seems to sense my problem. 'Yes, he says it's working. Then you can join our side! We'll be very happy.'

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'How could I have fallen for his lies?!' I yell to myself. But then I remember what Dad always told me. It's NEVER too late to fix something. I draw myself up defiantly. This Demon is NOT going to beat me.

'Fix me.' I command. 'In the name of our Lord, I COMMAND YOU TO FIX ME!'

My words echo around the graveyard, and for a second, Japhreel is taken by surprise. Then-

'I can't. But there is someone who can.'

'Who?' I say urgently.

'The Creator Himself.'

Chapter 7 by KlausBaudelaire



I would've laughed if I hadn't been feeling such rage.

"The Creator? You don't even get to meet him when you become an angel! What do you think he'd want to do with me?"

Japhreel looked confused momentarily. "Then how do you become an angel?"

That shocked me. I didn't think he'd care how I came to be this way. "You are given the gift by another angel who sees the good in you, your potential. My angel was Jake... Jake..."

Crap. I couldn't remember the name of the angel who gave me my powers. My identity was slipping through my fingers. I was panicking. Only now did I even realize that I had believed He wouldn't care about one of his own angels. What kind of person was I, if I believed the worst in God himself?

I thought about all the times that I had been angry in my life, upset or depressed, even when I was an angel. A true angel wouldn't behave that way. Angels are supposed to be kind and happy

all the time. Spreading goodwill, and all that. What if I was just putting on a play all my life? A play in which I thought I was the

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What if I was a demon all along? What if it was finally becoming my true self?

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What if it was finally

Japhreel looked worried, but I laughed derisively in his direction. He had no right. He was the one who had set this into play.

Suddenly, he dropped to his knees, clutching his head. I stopped my rumination at this, and rushed over to him. Before I could ask if he was alright, he flashed into another state. He was dressed in white, and had wings. There was an almost imperceptible halo above his head. But he almost immediately turned back into his leather-jacket, frowning self, still clutching his head.

It was then that I realized. All of us are just combinations of good and evil. Some people have more good than others, and some have more evil than others. Japhreel had some good in him, I saw that. I saw it when he had briefly flashed into angel state, but I had also saw it when he was worried for my condition, when he had eaten the pancakes that I had cooked for him, when he had smelled my pillow. A faint halo appeared around my head when I thought this, and became more pronounced over time. I knew that I wasn't going to turn into a demon. All Japhreel had done was make me unsure of myself. I was too confident in my goodness now to ever change.

But I was worried about Japhreel. I knew that if I could just bring out his good and make him believe that he possessed good inside of him, I could save him from himself.

Chapter 8 by The Coffee Freak



I was lead to the gates of heaven where God himself stood. I can describe him in one word: BEARD. He was enormous, as you would expect, his beard was just soooooo long!

"What is it that you have come here for child?" He asked, his voice magnified and pure.

"I have come to ask you to fix what Japhreel has done to me, and save him from himself."

"My child, you are truly pure of heart, what you ask will be given and what you receive will be more than you will ever need.

"Thank you my father." I bowed. Then my world went dark.

I woke up that morning, again, and Japhreel was next to me again, but there seemed to be something different about him, something, pure.

the end

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